NEW YORK JOURNAL AND ADVERTISER

W. R. HEARST.

AN AMERICAN PAPER FOR THE AMERICAN PEOPLE.

TO HARLEM IN FIFTEEN MINUTES.

Rapid transit—real rapid transit, the sort that is not limited by the speed of trucks on crowded streets or by the strength of a structure on stilts—is at hand at last.

Real rapid transit means underground rapid transit. That is the only system of transportation, short of a line of flying machines, that can meet the necessities of a city like New York. There must be a solid roadbed, absolutely clear of obstructions, to enable high speed to be reached, and it is only under ground that such a roadbed can be secured.

Such a system is now offered to us by the Metropolitan Railroad Company. A separate corporation, composed of the principal stockholders of that company, offers to construct the road and lease it to the Metropolitan for the full term of its franchise. The traction company agrees to take the lease and operate the road. All that remains is an agreement with the Rapid Transit Commissioners on the terms, and the passage of a law authorizing the construction of the tunnel by private capital.

The Journal has always believed, and believes yet, that the city ought to **OWN ITS OWN RAPID TRANSIT SYSTEM.** It will continue to work for that consummation. But the people have not pressed their demand for municipal rapid transit with such determination as to overcome the obstacles that stand in the way of its immediate realization. It is certain that under present conditions nothing will be done in this direction. Consequently we are reduced to a choice between permitting the work to be done by private capital or going without rapid transit for an indefinite number of years to come. Clean, well-lighted trains, comfortable waiting rooms, and express trains at twenty and thirty miles an hour, freedom from smoke and dust, uninterrupted service at all seasons, regardless of blizzards, seats for all and **HARLEM IN FIFTEEN MINUTES** are boons that cannot be thrown aside because they are to be had at present only by the help of a corporation.

But in any arrangement that may be made with the Metropolitan **THE PRINCIPLE OF MUNICIPAL OWNERSHIP SHOULD BE KEPT IN MIND.** The contract should provide either for the right of the city to buy the lines at an agreed valuation whenever the people get wisdom enough to take care of their own interests, or for the reversion of the property to the public after a certain number of years, as is the general rule abroad.

Underground rapid transit has reached at last something more solid than hopes. The owners of the Metropolitan system are men who do what they undertake, and who do not know the meaning of failure. The energy with which they have carried out the task of equipping their surface lines with electricity is an indication of the manner in which they would go to work on the tunnel scheme if they took hold of the enterprise. Before the straps to which the passengers on the elevated railroads are now hanging wear out, electric express trains may be shooting underground at thirty miles an hour.

DEWEY AS A LION.

Secretary Long will not give a positive answer to the committee of citizens of Washington, who want Dewey relieved from duty in time to attend the peace carnival, to be held in that city in May, until he can consult the President.

The possibility of the Washingtonians securing Admiral Dewey as a star attraction for their celebration is remote. There is still some work for him to do in the Philippines if his health will endure it. The moral effect of his presence there is incalculable. The army needs his co-operation, and his experience and rare judgment will be of value to the commissioners. Great as is the desire to honor him, the people will be content to wait the promised pacification of the Philippines before insisting upon Dewey's recall.

And with due respect to Washington and its peace carnival, when he does come it will be as the guest of the nation, and not as the central figure of a local celebration. New York might hope to do justice to Dewey, but the contract is too big for smaller cities to undertake.

THE ONLY CURE FOR THE SWEAT-SHOP EVIL.

One thousand men and two thousand women engaged in the manufacture of trousers in Philadelphia laid down their work on Saturday and went out on a strike. The conditions under which they had been working were apparently even more atrocious than is usual among this class of labor. In the first place, they were all employed on piecework, but the rate of wage was so low that even feverish activity during fifteen and sixteen hours a day hardly produced enough to keep the families of the workers alive on the simplest fare. The women, by working day in and out as long as they could keep awake, did not earn over three dollars a week.

The strike was ordered as the last desperate resort of a starving people. They had arrived at the point when any change in their condition could not be a change for the worse.

State Boards of Labor and Factory Inspectors in the various States of the Union seem to be unable to cope with the sweat-shop problem. It is in Chicago as it is in Philadelphia and New York. These officials are chosen with an eye single to political purposes, and even when honestly trying to do their duty are usually not sufficiently familiar with the conditions to do any practical good.

There is only one cure for the sweat-shop evil, and that is organization. When every clothing maker belongs to a union, and when every member of every trades union will look for the union label before buying a pair of **trousers**, then the sweat-shop will have ceased to exist.

THE PEOPLE OPENING THEIR EYES.

Governor Pingree has signed the bill recently passed by the Michigan Legislature authorizing the city of Detroit to purchase and operate its street railways.

"Public Ownership of Public Franchises," the first plank in the Journal's "Internal Policy" platform, is growing in favor. The new charter of San Francisco authorizes the city to own and operate its street railways and other public utilities.

The value of such properties is due to the enterprise of the people comprising the community. The corporations seize the highways and make the public pay the dividends on their watered stock. As in the case of Amsterdam avenue, they claim vested rights superior to the rights of individuals to their own lives.

When the cities reclaim these franchises, given away in many instances, and apply the profits to relieving the tax burdens, we will escape the impositions of monopolies, and not before.

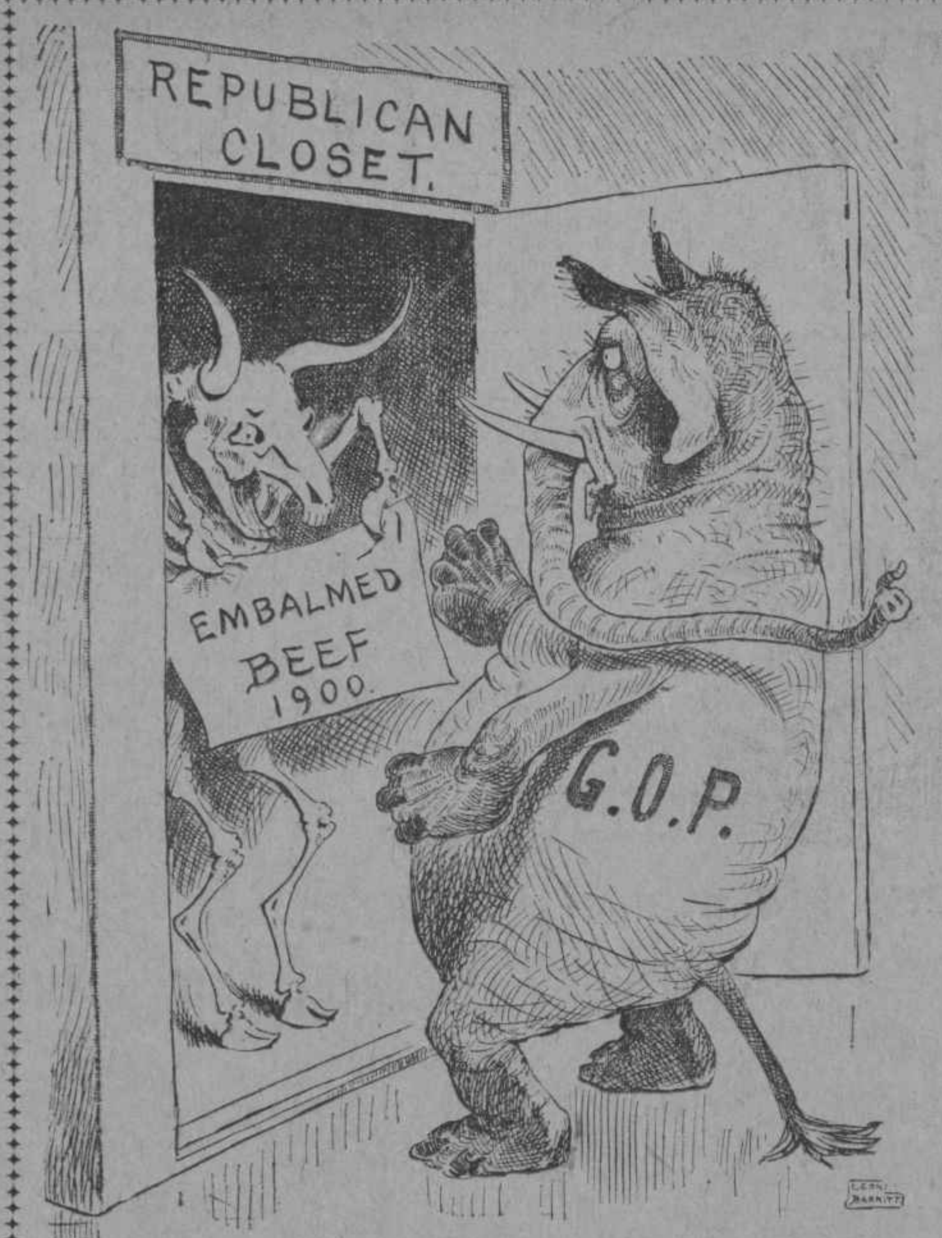
A FUGITIVE WITNESS.

Martin Mahon, the prosecuting witness in the case of Mrs. Fayne Moore, refuses to return to New York and appear against her. He states that he will not again submit himself to the badgering and insults of lawyers. In exposing the Moores he felt that he was doing a public service, but when he appeared in court he was treated as a criminal and given no protection.

Mahon charges that he was "abandoned to the insults of the opposing counsel, through the cognizance of an Assistant District-Attorney, and was absolutely forced to find refuge in another State, as if he were the culprit on trial."

These are serious charges, and District-Attorney Gardiner should investigate them. While Mahon is not a wholly admirable character, it is true that he was subjected to the most savage attacks upon his personal record in the Moore trial. The Journal called the attention of the Court to the matter at the time, with the result that the witness received somewhat better treatment.

While Mahon's fear of going on the witness stand again may not be the real reason for his failure to testify against Mrs. Moore, in the light of his former experience it is a reasonable excuse.



THE SKELETON IN THE REPUBLICAN CLOSET.

OTHER PEOPLE'S SMALLPOX.

In Laredo, Texas, the State authorities have taken charge of the smallpox epidemic, which the health officer finds even worse than represented. An appropriation of $2,000 has been granted, a hospital and pest-house have been erected, and other means of assistance are in demand. Two hundred persons are afflicted with this dreaded disease. Everybody has been vaccinated, and the work of care and isolation goes on apace.

There have also been recent cases of smallpox about Norfolk, Va., and Richmond still lives up to its former reputation in this line. In a town in Southern California the epidemic is now said to be under control. Word comes from Cincinnati that patients with pronounced varioloid escaped from their isolation quarters by overpowering the guards. There has been more than a suspicion of smallpox in this city of late, and the recent well-founded alarm at Princeton is still fresh in the minds of those whose habit it is to remember.

Geographically, nearly all the points mentioned are sufficiently distant from New York. Yet when rapid travel and the portable nature of smallpox are considered, they lie at our very gates and within our walls. Modern facilities bring the tropics close at hand. From the Philippines and the West Indies, soldiers and sailors are constantly returning, and may be the unconscious means of introducing this virulent poison into their own homes. In Manila the faces of the people bear witness to its ravages. Could cemeteries speak, they also would tell more startling tales.

Again the old question: Have you been vaccinated?

Favors the Journal's Currency Plank.

W. R. Hearst, Esq., Editor of the Journal:

Dear Sir: Permit me to compliment you on your currency plank in the Journal of Sunday, March 19. There is a volume of business common sense in it, in addition to the fact of greater value, and that is the people themselves control the issue of money. This comes like an inspiration. This very question of giving to the banks the power to issue money must be abandoned or there will be revolution. The people did not understand the question so well in the campaign of 1896 as they do now, because the matter had never been presented as Bryan presented it. But there has been a great deal of thinking since that campaign, and the people all over the country applaud the Journal for its fearless fight for the rights of the masses in the midst of a hot-bed of those who "hold up" the Government like a highwayman would rob an individual. Long live the Journal!

J. B. CROUCH.

State of West Virginia, House of Delegates, Charleston, W. Va., March 21.

The Journal's Battle for Educational Reform.

[Dayton News.]

The New York Journal, which is doing more than its share in the great metropolis to throttle the aims of the municipal thieves and in inaugurating many movements tending toward social reform, takes strong ground in reference to the system of public education. It holds that the State and national governments, made up as they are of the people who possess the sovereign power, should exert a stronger endeavor to raise our educational standard to a higher level. It contends that every young man and young woman who has a sincere desire to advance in an educational way and gives evidence of such tendency by hard, persistent effort should claim the generous assistance of the State and Government.

Draws the Line.

"We like the idea of **simplified** spelling," says the editor of the Perkins **Junction** Palladium, "but we don't think we **could ever** become used to writing it. 'He wakt **down** the ile, leeving the frax of his lari and **puddes** shuze on the flore.' **The marx ar vizzib'l yet.**"—Chicago Tribune.

GOLDEN GATE POET SINGS OF THE WRONGS OF MAN.

A NEW poet has arisen in the West. He is Edwin Markham, a school teacher, of Oakland, Cal., whose work has made for him a great reputation in the State of the Golden Gate. He won his first laurels with the poem, "The Man with the Hoe," which he conceived while sitting wrapped in thought before Millet's painting, which bears that title.

"Just for an hour looking at it," said the poet, "and all the time the tenor and power of the picture was growing upon me. I saw that this creation of the painter was no mere peasant, no chance man of the fields, but he was rather a type, a symbol of the toiler, brutalized through long ages of industrial oppression. I saw in this peasant the slow, but awful degradation of man through endless, hopeless and joyless labor. I saw in this peasant betrayed humanity, for Cain, to the contrary nothwithstanding, we are all more or less our brother's keeper."

Here are the first and last stanzas of this poem:

"The Man with the Hoe."

Bowed by the weight of centuries he leans
Upon his hoe and gazes on the ground,
The emptiness of ages in his face,
And on his back the burden of the world.
Who made him dead to rapture and despair,
A thing that grieves not and never hopes,
Stolid and stunned, a brother to the ox?
Who loosened and let down this brutal jaw?
Whose was the hand that slanted back this brow?
Whose breath blew out the light within this brain?

* * * * *

O, masters, lords and rulers in all lands,
How will the Future reckon with this Man?
How answer his brute question in that hour
When whirlwinds of rebellion shake the world?
How will it be with kingdoms and with kings—
With those who shaped him to the thing he is—
When this dumb Terror shall reply to God
After the silence of the centuries?

His writings are full of the spirit of unrest. They are a protest against plutocracy and a cry against man's enslaving man.

One of his admirers is Edmund Clarence Stedman, who wrote him a long letter praising "The Man with the Hoe."

Professor Markham is an elderly man, dignified, cordial, and unaffected, with keen but kindly eyes alight with the lambent flame of a gentle and gracious soul. He is not only a poet, but a scholar, with a splendid library.

"I am a child of the hoe and the furrow, myself," he says. "All my youth was passed on a farm and cattle range, among the hard, severe conditions that go with that life. I enjoyed as a boy the horseback rides and the smell of the furrows was pleasant to me. So when I wrote of 'The Man with the Hoe' I wrote to a certain extent out of my own experience.

"I always had a sympathy with all men and women who are doing the hard work of the world. I have always wondered whether the wisdom of the wise would not some day find a way for giving to the workers a greater equality of opportunity in their struggle with the world.

"It always seemed to me that the strong and the wise should not use their God-given powers to exploit or oppress their weaker brethren. This is to me what religion means. This is the principle of a true and practical fraternity, and fraternity is to me the holiest of all words, being at once the essence of all gospels and the fulfilment of all revelations. All religion and all culture should be an effort to bring men to an ever-enlarging realization of the principle of fraternity."

These views he has embodied in this:

Brotherhood.

Of all things beautiful and good,
The kingliest is Brotherhood;
For it will bring again to Earth
Her long-lost Poesy and Mirth;
And till it comes, these men are slaves
And travel downward to the dust of graves.

Clear the way, then, clear the way;
Blind creeds and kings have had their day.
Break the dead branches from the path;
Our hope is in the aftermath.
To this event the ages ran:
Make way for Brotherhood—make way for Man.

The same thought runs through much of his work. It will be found here also:

Armageddon.

We sit here and whisper and wonder
Of the woes that are coming on earth,
When the stooped, silent toilers in thunder
Shall ask what the ages are worth.

There'll be curses and cries for the reasons,
And a tempest of feet on the stairs;
And kings will turn white in their treasons,
And prelates grow pale at their prayers.

There'll be cries—there'll be beating of hammers,
For the anarchs will gather again;
There'll be knocking at gates—there'll be clamors
By night—there'll be whirlwinds of men.

A Western writer on the poet says: "If a study of his lyrical work shall convince me he has written anything better than 'The Man with the Hoe,' I shall be pleased to set it ... but amid the cloud-capped crests of his verse no higher peak of song has had the profit of memorizing itself upon my retina. We have been authoritatively informed by Ambrose Bierce, the dean of Californian letters, that the sentiment of 'The Man with the Hoe' is wrong, but it strikes upon my humble understanding as being largely and luminously right."

A. C. KENEALY.

TWELVE LANDSCAPE PAINTERS IN A BEAUTIFUL SHOW AT THE AMERICAN ART GALLERIES.

By Henri Pene Du Bois.

THERE are twelve signs of the zodiac, twelve months in the year, twelve hours on the dial and twelve men in the Society of Landscape Painters. They are diverse. A slight thread unites them like pearls of a necklace. The men of the society are at one in the thought that the artist must love life and show to us that it is beautiful.

We might doubt it. They have various ways of charming. One goes to Holland to find scenes that are not in our experience, another takes his models in sites that are familiar or easily accessible to us. This painter has found air, earth and water in a dramatic natural incident.

The clouds were tragedians, the trees had supplicating arms. That one saw the most ordinary spectacle of the plains and the hills. We passed by it without emotion. It was a cultivated land, almost a lawn. There were trees in a cluster at the side, a yellow flower near a brook.

There was nothing interesting. He made of that inanity the most seductive subject imaginable. That is how J. Francis Murphy has brought me back to the theory that there is no outside world. It is all in our minds. I had almost succeeded in thinking with Theophile Gautier, "I am one of those for whom the exterior world exists."

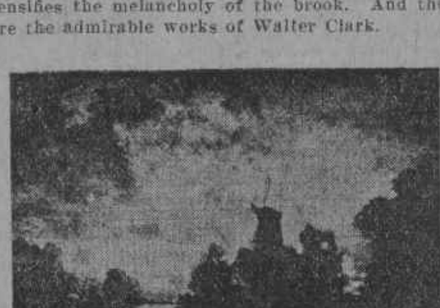
It does not exist. The works of the Society of Landscape Painters have opened large windows of light in the galleries of the American Art Association. They are placed in groups, whereby one may become familiar with the individuality of each artist.

"On Breezy Days," by Walter Clark.

George H. Bogert loves the land of sun and shade of Rembrandt, and his fourteen pictures are taking tones of the old masters already. There are especially attractive among them an "Approaching Storm," in which spots of greenish blue sky serve only to illuminate dark masses of clouds; a "Day After the Storm," reviving in glories of white and blue; an "End of Day," falling over an old tower, blue water, dark trees.

There is formality in the ribbon of white clouds stretched above "The Plain, Late Afternoon;" in the "Early Autumn," with tall trunks of trees and wild flowers in rows; even in the "Sunset" in a volley of red clouds over a green landscape, painted by William A. Coffin. But formality has an insidious manner. Think of what Le Notre did with it at Versailles and in the garden of the Luxembourg!

"On Breezy Days" the tall tree's limbs on the shore are bent a little, the grass shivers, the water is in waves and the old fisherman draws into the hut his nets and his seines; "After the Harvests" the fields are yellow and sad, smoke rises from a fire of brushwood among them, and the impression of vastness is intense; the "Mist on the River" softens the light, darkens the blue of the sky, intensifies the melancholy of the brook. And these are the admirable works of Walter Clark.



"Evening," by Robert C. Minor.

Bruce Crane's "Night on Cape Ann" bathes in blue a bark leaning to the land in water dark and silvery and a hut with a bright light in its half closed window. His "First Snow" whitens the top of a hay-rick, the roof of a barn, and traces ridges of white on the brown earth. His "Winter Morning" gives a desolate air to the brook and to the stacks of plants. There are blackbirds picking through the snow to accentuate its bluish tints.

Charles H. Davis's "Flying Clouds" are white on blue, and fleeing really in a sky that dominates the entire composition, for that is the sky's manner to those who raise their eyes. His "New England Homestead in Winter" has shrubs persistent, in spite of the white mantle and an air of gayety. His "Clouds in the East" on a Summer evening are pink and reflected in water almost lilac.

R. Swain Gifford's "Coast Trees, Massachusetts," have rust and glory of green in a solemn group under a troubled sky. "From My Window After a Storm" is an admirable picture of blue water in a line, under dark clouds slipping by white ones. In the foreground are red, yellow and brown tints through which a white road passes. A "New England Hillside" is all green, with a tree at its height.

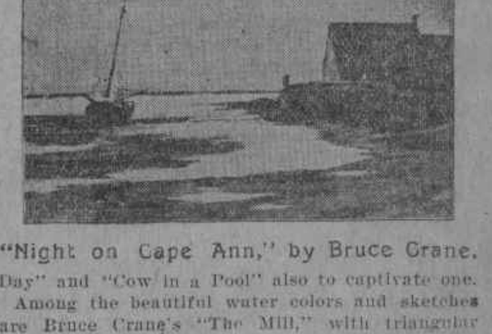
Frederick W. Kost's "Water Cart," "Hay Loft, Dartmouth, Mass.," and "Old Dock, New Dorp, Staten Island," are beautiful impressions in the calm, melancholy mood of happy life. J. Francis Murphy's ten paintings are all exquisite.

The best—is there a best?—is "Morning," a mountain side with smoke rising from the chimney of the hut at its base; brown, green and yellow earth at the foreground, and three light, feathery trees. "October Afternoon" is a much larger canvas. At the right is a plain, green and yellow; in the foreground is a pond; at the left are trees, three of which lift above the others their tops, yellow and red. And it is charming. The "W... ter Rye Field" has a border of green, wide and hardly modelled. There are "The Brook," "After the Frosts" and "Yellow Days" to be admired also.

Robert C. Minor's "Evening" is in red splashes of smoke, turbulent clouds, illuminating a windmill with a red roof, a pond the colors of which are mineral, green foliage. His "Morning" is al... blue, green and white. Leonard Ochtman gives the most impressive picture of the snow, "In Connecticut." The afternoon sun radiates panels of light in the blue atmosphere. There are trees in groups in a vastness that amazes one.

"In the Woods," "The Day Is Done" and "Moonlight Night" are the other beautiful works of Ochtman, unless one wished to mention "Autumn" and "On the Farm." Walter Palmer's "Sentinels" are two tall trees, on which snow has pink reflections. His "Transformation" has the fairy air of a Christmas scene.

Carleton Wiggins's "Evening on the Farm, ... land," bathes in a blue light sheep on the way to the fold that is thatched, and a man with a lantern at the barn. His "Midsummer" has the li... of a golden sun. A cow stands under the green foliage of a tree. The work is excellent. There are "Late Afternoon in the Fields," "A ... Day" and "Cow in a Pool" also to captivate one.



"Night on Cape Ann," by Bruce Crane.

Among the beautiful water colors and sketches are Bruce Crane's "The Mill," with triangular yellow roof and blue pond and sky; R. Swain Gifford's "A Cloudy Day" and "A Pottery Kiln;" Walter Palmer's "Sundown" and "Reflections;" Carleton Wiggins's "Twilight" and "September," "Spring" and "Morning," of J. Francis Murphy.

There are also "The Four Trees," by J. Francis Murphy. I mention this work separately because a delicate artist who never, never utters a paradox said to me yesterday: "You know Rembrandt's etching, 'The Three Trees?' Well, rather than that I would prefer Murphy's 'Four Trees.'"

HENRI PENE DU BOIS.

ALAN DALE SEES "THE AIR SHIP" AND TELLS HOW IT AFFECTED HIM.

THE "amusing musical impossibility" at the Grand Opera House this week is one of those entertainments through which you sit, calmly hoping for the best, but at any rate fully prepared for the worst. If anybody does anything clever you feel intensely and exuberantly grateful. If a solitary joke worth cracking is cracked you are immensely appreciative. The crumbs of mirth that are thrown to you are pecked at as greedily as though you were a sparrow or a robin-redbreast on a windowsill. This sort of show has really an excellent chance among the critics of New York, for they forget three hours of that tired feeling if five minutes' worth of amusement be furnished.

This particular entertainment was called "The Air Ship." If I ever find out why, I will let you know. To be sure, there was a good deal of talk about a new invention bearing that name, but I could have suggested a far better, though perhaps less attractive title for the affair. I can compare "The Air Ship" to "By the Sad Sea Waves," with Mathews and Bulger blotted out, Rose Melville effaced, half the girls hopelessly lost, and the scenery obliterated. The residuum is to be found at the Grand Opera House, fathered by a proud gentleman—I might almost say gent—called Joseph M. Gaites, who wishes to be known, and shall be known, as the author of "A Railroad Ticket."

Mr. Gaites queered himself at the start by irreverently burlesquing that lovely and helpful favorite—our own Lydia Pinkham. He called his leading character Biddia Binkham, and talked slightingly of her. He might as well have burlesqued Depew, or Thomas P. Ochiltree, or other metropolitan types. Hundreds of people will feel indignant at this terrible insult offered to Lydia, who is so popular with this public that she could play Camille or Juliet with impunity—nay, I believe she could even make up as D'Artagnan and be accepted. There should be some law to protect Lydia from the unseemly concocters of farce comedy. She is surely sacred. One of these days we shall have ribald jests at Little Dr. Carter, and Sarsaparilla of the Tired-Feeling. Let us call a halt before it is too late. I believe that De Wolf Hopper was the first to insult Mrs. Pinkham. Let Mr. Gaites be the last.

In "The Air Ship" an effort is made to spread half a dozen hoarse-voiced damsels with Casino petticoats through three acts—which is a very difficult thing to do. When the funny man has grown thoroughly ashamed of his old jokes, and the "soubrette" has exhausted her dazzling gift of repartee, these maidens trip on and sing or dance. At least they succeeded in diverting the attention of the audience from the bewhiskered gags of Raymond Finlay, but later on they failed to do this, and you needed something to divert your attention from the damsels themselves.

The funny man held the centre of the stage most of the time and threw quips at the soubrette, who generally caught them. The "property" jokes were the most ghastly things that were offered. A girl, entering with a pair of scales in her hand, says she has been practising her scales. A man is asked if he has read Herring and is presented with a fish. A burglar holds up a train, and a little locomotive runs on, which he picks up. The soubrette declares that she will take a day off and plucks the date from the calendar. This ebullient, effervescent sort of thing is kept up with much perseverance, and you come to the conclusion that Mr. Gaites, author of "A Railroad Ticket," is suffering from misguided ingenuity. The daintiest joke of all is when the soubrette places a telescope on a man's breast to see what he is suffering from, and remarks, prettily and girlishly, "Your lights are out."

The answer to all objections as to this sort of thing is the stereotyped phrase, "You want something that you don't have to think about." But this is quite untrue. If Grand Opera House audiences were made up of gay, rollicking Tenderloiners it might be true. But the patrons of this house are sober, thoughtful, lemon-soda people, and they always think. That is their great trouble. Probably they thought heavily last night, and were unable to concentrate their attention on Mr. Gaites, author of "A Railroad Ticket."

The principal member of the cast was called Marie Stuart—rather a sad and pungent name, I thought. It was she who appeared as Biddia Binkham, in rude bloomers, and sought to make us laugh by her irreverence. I don't think that Miss Stuart is that rarity known as a funny woman. I should prefer to see her as the nurse in "Romeo and Juliet," or Mme. Prudence in "Camille." Nevertheless, she wore her name in black type on the programme, distinct from the others, and with that delightful moat known to the profession as "and."

Raymond Finlay was the inventor. Mr. Finlay is a sort of Dan Daly, adapted to popular prices. I should imagine that he could be funny if some kind author were to give him the chance. I... Welch seemed to be struggling for the honors of Dave Warfield, and donned a Hebrew dialect and a nose. We got a great deal of him. I should have been satisfied with very much less. James T. Kelley as a humorous Irishman was all that could have been expected, and Miss Lottie Burke, as one of those farce-comedy office girls who wear short skirts and peroxide hair, had a fluffy voice, which she blew zealously over the entire proceedings.

A couple of damsels called Doherty—and why not?—did some coon songs and dances with much abandon, and Miss Stella Blair, who called herself "the dancing sunbeam," toyed with her lace petticoats in a whirlwind of terpsichorean joy. A long, thing lady, programmed as Nana Bascom, was part of the entertainment, and was supplied with lines to speak.

I should say that "The Air Ship" projected lightly and briskly into "the road," might be accepted by the audiences of that region. New York isn't a good harbor for that kind of craft.

ALAN DALE.